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*The*  
**Pathos of Song**  
*and Other Poems*

By George Keller DeLong



1918

FIFTH EDITION—Revised and Supplemented

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
**DeLong Publishing Company**  
ALLENTOWN, PA.

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Oct 7, 1918 56





# PRELUDE

## LURE OF THE STARS

How oft I've gazed far into depths of night ;  
    Yea braced mine arms desiring to embrace  
    The glow of promise as the stars would grace  
My hopeful heart with fathomless delight.  
"Fear you not darkness child, know you not fright  
    Nor dread the veil of gloom—so blithe to face  
    The deep abyss where mysteries efface  
The shadows past, of day, with gruesome blight?"  
"The night is dark but lo, the stars, the stars!  
    The shadows of the day—despairing ghosts—  
    Have vanished while the stars still brightly shine.  
Thus, beckoned from on high, vain fear least mars  
    The calling, through the night, of heavenly hosts  
    That bid me *ever make their height all mine.*"

# In Memoriam

---

TO

**PROF. M. N. HUTTEL**

**WHO IN 1905 INTRODUCED ME AS A POET.**

*(No rights reserved on this sonnet)*

---

Thy lot was cast a challenger of arts,  
To thy blest memory I feel I should  
Produce a legend to thine hardihood  
To number thee among the demi-gods.  
Midst barren Deserts lay an Oasis,  
To where a Vulture and a Falcon fell  
In fatal combat locked—their gizzards well  
Supplied with Seed; and thus, from out of this  
There sprung a mighty Oak from barrenness;  
There also grew a Vine that needed aid,  
Lest it were buried 'neath the Desert sands:  
Thus thou didst stand when thou my soul didst  
bless.  
God wots this Oak choked 'neath o'erpow'ring  
Shade,  
Full petrified, erect, immortal stands.

•



GEORGE KELLER DELONG  
1905

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## MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Man makes for *fact*—self-evident *reality*;  
Fact makes for *knowledge*—the *apprehension* of  
reality;  
Knowledge makes for *sense*—the *appreciation* of  
reality;  
Sense makes for *truth*—the *comprehension* of efficient  
reality;  
Truth makes for *justice*—the *apportionment* of effi-  
ciency;  
Justice makes for *responsibility*—the *application* of  
efficiency;  
Responsibility makes for *liberty*—the appropriation of  
efficiency: *Moreover*,  
Liberty is worth while only as there *is* responsibility;  
Responsibility is worth while only as there *is* justice;  
Justice is worth while only as there *is* truth;  
Truth is worth while only as there *is* sense;  
Sense is worth while only as there *is* knowledge;  
Knowledge is worth while only as there *is* fact;  
Fact is worth while only as there *is* man.

*Furthermore*,

I have *faith* that *God* dominates the destiny of all:  
I have *hope* that *God* has infinite resources and is gra-  
cious;  
I have *love* to share *God's* blessings with every one who  
will.

The above basic principles of my philosophy and  
*faith* (which is the outgrowth of philosophy) are  
here given to satisfy those who want to know my  
*politics* and *religion*. I have little sympathy with  
factional or sectarian strife.

GEORGE KELLER DELONG.



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**ALLENTOWN, PA.**

H. RAY HAAS & CO.  
Allentown, Pa.

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JUN -3 1918

## THE PATHOS OF SONG

Within a lowly flat a family  
Ekes out a life in dire humility.  
The father leaves for work at early morn,  
Nor does return till eve, all tired and worn.

The mother who is cook and nurse and maid  
And washerwoman and a common aid,  
Gets up at five a breakfast to prepare,  
And thence to lose herself in toil and care.

Her children she prepares to send to school,  
And this the while she sings, most as a rule;  
Again to hush the little babe she sings  
The while another pulls her apron strings.

And while she sweeps the floor she beats the time  
To some sweet melody of quick'ning rhyme;  
If she does not in baby talk commune,  
She seeks a solace in a soothing tune.

"She must be happy"—oft her neighbors said—  
"Or could she sing as if she knew no dread?"  
From morn till eve her voice with pathos rings  
As she performs her duties while she sings.

What promise makes her e'er so jubilant  
While care and duties are e'er dominant?  
It seems she could all weariness ignore  
As though her labors had some wealth in store.

Is she indeed so happy all day long  
That she must needs pour forth her soul in song,  
Or is she stricken with forlorn and grief  
That she indeed must seek in song relief?

Each careworn mother knows, and let her tell  
Of griefs forlorn which song alone can quell.  
Should this my song evoke a mother's heart—  
Its pathos would but sympathy impart.

## THE NATAL CORD

To the west frontier of wildwood  
Pushed ambitious pioneers,  
Trusting God as ev'ry child should.  
Buoyed to faith and hope by seers.

Strove a colony together—  
Cleared the brush and felled the trees:  
Waving wheat soon vied with heather,  
Yielding fully its increase.

And of logs was built a village—  
Humble homes, but deemed secure:  
Here no robbers seek to pillage  
Such as other lands endure.

Their new neighbors were the Indians  
Who would never bar their door.  
Quite unwary-trusting '*rind-yanks*'  
They must soon their plight deplore.

Ah! the '*rind-yanks*'—ruthless Yankee  
Trader, not in search of home,  
Come to cheat the Indians, then flee—  
Leaving dues the settler's doom.

While the settlers, unsuspecting—  
(Born of natal brother love)—  
Trust a '*rind-yank*'—not electing  
That 'tis need one first to prove.

Now a '*rind-yank*' came— as wonted  
Shelter with the settlers found—  
To the wild he went undaunted,  
Sought the Indians to confound.

When the Indians he had cheated—  
Their opinions had misled—  
Though their vengeance he had heated,  
To the village back he fled.

From the village he then ventured—  
Whither, no one ever knows.  
Would he care if they were censured?  
Cared he if they suffered woes?

From the wild the Indians followed—  
Came within the settlers' town  
As their warriors weirdly hollered  
While their old men wore a frown.

From the settlers they demanded  
To deliver up the thief :  
"The deceiver must be handed  
Over to our honest chief."

Then the settlers vainly pleaded—  
Swore they knew not where he went ;  
And the old men they entreated  
To disclose what caused this rent.

Then an aged Indian answered—  
Gravely, shocking words he spoke :  
"To our Indian camp he transferred  
Poisons such as death provoke.

"Much fire-water he had brought us  
To confuse our warriors bold ;  
This, and more, 'tis what has wrought us  
Full of wrath we can't withhold.

"Where the Serpent Mound shows plainly  
Whither warriors journey forth,  
There the squaws are weeping vainly  
While the breeze is speeding north :

"Weeping o'er the vacant snowshoe ;  
Weeping o'er the bow unstrung.  
If you doubt, we fain would show you  
How our bond of peace is sprung."

Then the spokesman of the settlers  
Fainly would their wrath appease:  
"If there is a ruthless meddler  
Who disturbs the Indians' peace,

"*We* are willing him to punish—  
(As your wise chief well decrees;)  
Thus all settlers to admonish,  
Honestly to keep the peace.

"Let as many, as have seen him,  
Search our settlement quite o'er.  
We have surely never been in  
Such a trouble e'er before."

But the '*rind-yank*' now had vanished  
Far beyond the danger zone.  
Fierce fire-water peace had banished,  
Now must massacre atone.

Lo, lo the warriors shrieked most weirdly  
As their warwhoop rent the air.  
Where will soon their most endeared be?  
Every soul was in despair—

But the warriors all departed  
And the settlers felt relieved,  
Till the wail of mothers started  
When they found themselves bereaved.

There were many children missing:  
Then the young men volunteered  
To pursue—not least then guessing  
How the Indians little feared,

For the Indians them eluded  
And were soon beyond their reach:  
Thus their vengeance was concluded—  
They'd perforce the settlers teach.

## II

Now these children were adopted  
To be Indians like the rest ;  
But their mothers, had they dropped dead,  
Would have deemed it far more blest ;  
They would then think of the angels  
That were winging round the throne :  
Hope forlorn let them, with anguish,  
Naught to trust but God alone :  
Out of anguish oft they'd borrow—  
Dreading what might be their end :  
Out of anguish, dread and sorrow  
Would their peals of prayer ascend :  
Restless mothers ever seeking—  
Praying, God might yet astound :  
Anguish, bitter anguish, wreaking—  
Haunted by a Serpent Mound.

## III

The militia of the nation  
Long had lost the only clue  
When some Indian provocation  
Stirred up other troubles, too.  
Now the Indian tribes were captured  
And deported ev'ry one,  
While another hope enraptured  
Many hearts when this was done :  
An appealing prayer was offered  
That went forth to all the world,  
Also willing aid was proffered  
That the truth might be unfurled :  
"Many white-mens' children, painted,  
Are among the savage horde.  
God, and Gov'nor, truth is tainted  
If ye will not them assort."

Many mothers volunteering  
To apply the scrubbing brush  
Caused the Gov'nor's own appearing,  
These anxieties to hush.

Ev'ry Indian got a cleaning  
As the circumstance behooved ;  
Thus from out their number gleaning  
Many that the nation's proved,

But they all were so appended—  
Mothers no more recognized :  
Their enraptured hope was ended  
Soon as e'er they scrutinized.

## IV

Came a mother, far, far distant.  
Long she'd mourned her loved ones ;  
She now scrutinized the list, and  
Found nor daughter's like, nor son's.

All the pent up hope she'd cherished  
Forced a sad hysteric spell :  
All the joy she'd nursed now perished—  
Sore to hopeless grief she fell.

Now the gov'nor, as a brother  
Sympathy would fain impart,  
Came and touched this grief-crazed mother :  
"Mother, come, pour out your heart—"

"Come and tell me how you nursed them ;  
By what names you fondly called ;  
By what sentiments you versed them ;  
E'en the threats that most appalled.

"Fancy then around you coddled,  
Telling them some fairy tale ;  
Sing again as when they toddled  
Gaily 'round : it might avail.



"See my hair to gray is turning,  
Yet I still remember well  
Mother's songs in mem'ry burning;  
Come, let's try it: who can tell?"

## V

Like a wraith she wavered forward—  
As enamored then did pose:  
Bidden, she was nothing froward—  
Sadly did his tale disclose:

"We had had the Indians' friendship  
Till once ~~we~~ a trader lodged;  
But away at night he'd then slip—  
Stealthily detection dodged.

"Just at sunrise, early morning,  
Came a chief to our own house;  
Boldly he displayed a warning  
Which grave fear in us did rouse.

"On this morning all then gathered  
In assembly to account  
Why this warrior thus had scattered  
Leaves as though insults to flaunt;

"Then an elder spake most gravely—  
Filling all our hearts with dread;  
Then we prayed and hoped most bravely,  
Till our anxious fears were fled.

"Twas the last my fated lost ones  
Heard me sing to hush their fear  
When I lulled my dearly lov'd ones  
Never more my voice to hear:

"On a bed of leaves I'd laid them,  
Where they slept in blessed peace;  
There the Indians stole—to trade them;  
Since that time I've known no peace;

"They were searching for the trader  
Who, they claimed, had done grave wrong;  
Failing with the shrewd invader  
Then they took my babes along:

"There before mine eyes they took them,  
I was overcome with swoon:  
Think not that I least forsook them,  
All their work was done so soon:

"Ere the warning could be sounded—  
Odds were sorely 'gainst the town—  
Through the forest they had bounded;  
Like a vulture they were flown.

"I had trusted God's great mercies;  
I have hoped in vain so long,  
Yet once more I'll sing the verses  
Of their fondest nursing song:

## SONG

*"Hush my darling, sweetly slumber,  
Nestle in thy downy bed;  
Guarding angels without number  
Softly round thy trundle tread.*

*"Though the storm be howling weirdly;  
Though the clouds be dark and drear,  
Jesus bideth ever near thee.  
Sleep, and dream thou not of fear."*

Full of pathos—most appealing—  
Forth her mother-love did pour,  
Full the natal cord revealing:  
"Mother"—She'd been heard before.

From among the ranks ran forward  
With their arms outstretched tow'ards her—  
Son and daughter no more cowered  
Once the bosom cord did stir.

## THE PAN-AMERICAN ILLUMINATION

The day is past and fled—  
Now that the sun is set,  
The western sky aglow  
Approaching night does show.

Still darker and less glow  
The western sky does show.  
All suddenly at once  
The darkness overruns;

For out goes ev'ry light—  
Now reigns alone the night.  
All is a living\* strand  
Around where I do stand.

Now softly, sweet and low  
Sweet strains of music flow:  
Now slightly slow the night  
Breaks into brilliant light.

Still, still the music swells  
Till ev'ry fibre thrills  
And ev'ry beating heart  
Emotions does impart.

Still swells the brightest light  
Till conquered is the night,  
And architectures show  
Their forms in radiant glow.

In glory thus arrayed  
The mighty crowd is swayed  
Till ev'ry hand applause  
Gives to the noble cause.

---

\* On the Triumphal Bridge

This tempts me to relate  
How near to great men's fate  
A likeness this came near  
And hushed in me a fear:

How in one's youthful doom  
One must descend to gloom,  
Thence step by step to rise,  
With valiant will surprise

The crowds that do look on  
While one one's course does run  
To win the world's applause  
As one perfects one's cause.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE SHIP SUCCESS

Awake! oh soul awake!  
How long will you concede  
Through hibernating sleep?  
Arouse yourself and shake

The shackles, from your feet,  
That you ignored do keep.  
Arouse! oh do arouse!  
Do try to realize

That now has come the time  
That you your cause espouse  
If you your welfare prize  
With heart and will sublime.

Your future is so near;  
How sacred is your time,  
Once lost no more regained,  
And life is e'er so dear

When yet in youthful prime  
While vigor is retained.  
Remember, when you're old,  
Your chances of reform

Are gone forever more ;  
While youth is strong and bold  
You can yourself conform  
To noble stately lore ;

A stately style acquire ;  
The family honor raise—  
So shape your ev'ry year  
That friends will you admire

And raise their voice in praise  
With their regards sincere.  
Dare virtue to denounce—  
With all its gracefulness

And its polite pure way—  
And you're the worst of clowns :  
Your act is none the less  
Than criminal display.

Why should you then insist  
To wallow in the mire—  
Quite in the gutter's depth ?  
Why then so lowly list ?

Do you not oft desire  
To upward stride your steps ?  
Have you ambitions great,  
And put in luck your hope ;

Or stately things desire  
Expecting ne'er the fate  
E'er to possess the scope,  
Nor aught with force acquire ?

Your Ship is anchorless ;  
In high Winds you are doomed ;  
You ne'er can sail through Storm,  
Nor will you e'er possess

Success, which you presumed  
Would to your wish conform.  
Ambition—with great stress—  
And persevering hope

Are Anchors of the Ship,  
In virtue called Success,  
Possessing ev'ry scope  
From Hull to Topmast tip.

The Breeze which sweeps you on  
Is courage called by name;  
The Sails which spread before  
Are virtues—ne'er to shun;

The stately Helm of fame  
Is wisdom evermore.  
Our institutions great  
Are guiding Stars above;

Our ev'ry day a Sea;  
Vocations—Ports of fate;  
Heroical true love  
Preserves us brave and free.

Do seek what Port you will;  
What you would fain possess—  
For what your heart may crave—  
If you'd your course fulfill,  
Do man the Ship Success  
And dare the surging Wave.

GRADUATION CONGRATULATIONS—  
QUADRANTS

GRADUATION GLORY

Now the zephyrs kiss the clover  
And the clover cleaves the dew  
While the dew has cleft the sunbeams,  
But the sunbeams smile on *you*.

DAWN OF DAY

Now the lark salutes the morning  
While the morning hails the dawn  
And the dawn proclaims a triumph—  
Lo, the triumph is thine own.

WEALTH ON THE WAVES

Now the breeze a sail is wafting;  
Surging waves a ship breaks through  
While the ocean heaves in splendor,  
Lo! the ship sails unto you.

TRUE AND TRIED

Now the mountain hails thy valor:  
Thou wert called, nor durst to weep,  
To acquit thyself most manly—  
Challenged by the tempting steep.

TOLLS TRIUMPHANT

Now the bells ring out a triumph;  
Gentle breezes, waft their toll,  
And the toll proclaims laudation  
While laudation hails thy role.

## THE GLOWING GOAL

Now the goal in glowing splendor  
Spurs the vigor of the knight,  
And the vigor urges daring  
While the daring proves thy might.

## SCENT OF SANCTITY

Now the nymphs have touched the rosebud  
And her glory forthwith spread:  
Lo! the air is filled with incense  
By the fragrance she has shed.

## TREASURERS THINE

All the faded stars are blended  
To a firmament of blue  
While the very richest treasures  
Now adorn the world for you.

\*\*\*\*\*

## REGRET

If a word too freely spoken  
Only fell on no one's ears,  
Many ties were still unbroken,  
Shunned were many bitter tears.

If a blow in wrath commanded  
Only missed its deadly aim,  
Conscience were then not tormented,  
Many cripples were not maim.

If a deed done far too hasty  
Could just once more be undone,  
We would gladly live more tasty,  
And a better course we'd run.



If our days of idle leisure  
    Could be brought back once again,  
We would gladly store a treasure,  
    Time would never pass in vain.

If we could recall the slighted  
    Opportunities passed by,  
All our errors would be righted,  
    We would find no time to sigh.

\*\*\*\*\*

### HAVE A PURPOSE

As on life's Tow-path you do tread,  
    What is your point in view :  
Your final goal, that you don't dread  
    To meet— and greet it too?

Your purpose what, or do you think  
    Of such there is no need,  
And at the very thoughts do shrink,  
    Nor never take such heed?

To face the future do you dare,  
    Not knowing where you go,  
Without a purpose or a care—  
    Now living on 'just so?'

Your eyes do cast without delay—  
    Look to the future far :  
"I do not care"—dare not to say,  
    But sieze upon your star.

Are you in youth, remember then  
    That manhood you will see  
Ere is it likely that you can  
    All misconducting flee.

Arouse! Then let your soul arouse!  
No longer now delay,  
But do some purpose now espouse,  
Or you too long might stay.

Do know that time awaits no man—  
That you must ne'er be late;  
Employ your hours of leisure then  
To be just up to date.

Just for a time around you gaze  
And view the busy fairs,  
And see it not now, with amaze,  
Some purpose greeting bears.

If on you smiles some purpose, then—  
And promise to you bears—  
No more delay but like a man  
Approach your good welfares.

Oh! do apply your talents all  
To meet your greeting goal—  
Be cautious then lest you should fall  
And miss your name on the roll.

\*\*\*\*\*

## EVIL TRAITS

### MEANNESS

Oh *meanness*, pitiful and base,  
Thou wretched fool—false are thy ways—  
Abhorrible—all thee despise:  
What trophies yield the mean affrays  
That thou dost follow such a chase—  
Begrimed with foul polluted vice?

## INSOLENCY

Oh *insolence*, thou piercing sword—  
A mean foul act or spiteful word  
Gripped with a base and vile contempt:  
What trophies does the strife afford  
To thee in such a vile accord?  
From guilt thou art the least exempt:

## IGNOMINY

Oh *ignominy*, wretched thief  
That never spares from woe nor grief  
The meek and mild nor innocent:  
What trophies give to thee relief  
That 'tis worth while, though life be brief.  
To practice grimy detriment?



## VIRTUE AND VICE

Oh Prudence grave, let thy light save  
From pitfall and from snare:  
Oh Justice true, let all I do  
With thy bright light compare:  
Pure Temperance, my life enhance  
My duties all to bear:  
Sweet Fortitude, lest dread intrude,  
Bask me within thy flare:  
Oh Faith divine, thou holy shrine,  
Within my temple shine:  
Oh Hope sublime, of graces prime,  
Make thou my temple thine:  
Kind Charity, most cheerfully  
Enlight this temple mine:—  
Those who thus live to God will give  
A TEMPLE PURE DIVINE

## VICE

Let me deride the demon Pride  
 That lures to vanity:  
 Covetousness sha'n't me possess  
 To mar my honesty:  
 Let me not trust malicious Lust  
 Lest mine be misery:  
 No Gluttony shall ruin me  
 To mere degeneracy:  
 Grim Anger I shall e'er decry:  
 Lest folly should be wrought:  
 I'll ever loathe grim idle Sloth  
 Lest I to doom be brought.  
 I'll envy not like imps that plot  
 Whose meanness brings them naught—  
 Those who thus sin with demons in  
 The Devil's den are caught.



## LAMENT FOR MY ALMA MATER

Once, "Woodman spare that tree," the poet wrote,  
 And with his tears did melt the woodman's heart:  
 Now to my Alma Mater I devote  
 My flowing tears which crystalize to art.  
 Beneath the spreading tree the poet played,  
 Thus to his heart became the spot endeared:  
 Within thy walls infinities have swayed  
 Which to the land a zealous poet reared.  
 Beneath those leaves which fluttered in the breeze,  
 Long after many tourists sought the spot:  
 The thought to crystal art my tears does freeze,  
 For when they fain would seek thee—thou are not.  
 Though thou must fall, since progress so demands,  
 And I must miss thee through each after year;  
 Though I must weep, yet shall my busy hands  
 Upon thy grave a monument uprears:  
 Not like the pyramids of Egypt's plains;  
 Not like the marble mark of mortal's grave—  
 But an immortal dome, wrought with my pains  
 That I from doomed oblivion thee might save.

Written March 14, 1905, on hearing that the Long Swamp Central School building was to be torn down at the end of the 1904-1905 term.

## VOCATION

Be it in the field where the midday sun  
Licks the sweat that hot o'er your brow does run;  
Be it in the stall where the bovine low  
Mingles with your song while the milkstreams flow;

Be it in the depth of the deep mine drift,  
In the foul damp air through the too long shift;  
Be it in the shop midst the flying sparks  
In the early morn ere yet soar the larks;

Be it shoveling coal on a flying train  
Midst the clouds of smoke which your face do  
stain;

Be it speeding on while your hands control,  
At the throttle, trains that swift onward roll;

Be it with the sick—with the stricken one  
Where denying loving deeds are done;  
Be it pushing through darkness, shine or rain  
That you may relieve all the sick from pain;

Be it in the school teaching children so  
That through all their years they may wisdom know;  
Be it preaching truth—pulpit or from stage—  
For the children seeking from age to age;

Be it at the bar, causes to espouse,  
For rebuke of crime justice to arouse;  
Be it at the helm of the 'Ship of State'—  
Guiding safely on through its ev'ry fate;

Be it in strange home as servant maid,—  
Doing any work for a sal'ry paid;  
Be it keeping house for a husband dear,  
While your children you will yourself uprear:

Your vocation be whatsoe'er it may—  
Tact and talent will ever have their sway—  
Virtues are alone claims to dignity;  
Ev'ry other claim is iniquity.

## THE DIGNITY OF WORK.

How bitter is the thought that e'er reminds  
 One of one's utter sole dependency:  
 How sweet the blessed thought that ever finds  
 In work a dignified transcendency.

\*\*\*\*\*

AMBITIONS FERVOR, OR THE CITY OF  
LIGHT

Borne on the pinions ambition unfolds—  
 Born of that glow which forever upholds,  
 Dazzling and shining, the arch ever bright,  
 Bidding one enter the City of Light.

Holding aloof with a beautiful charm;  
 Battling the odds through the storm and the calm:  
 Onward and upward the glorious flight,  
 Hoping to enter the City of Light.

Glorious only while hope does assay  
 Grazing one's pinion to bear through the fray—  
 Even ignoring the pains of one's plight,  
 Striving to enter the City of Light.

Way in the distance the city is seen.  
 Oh, for that grace which is ever serene!  
 Struggling and striving with uttermost might—  
 Bravely approaching the City of Light.

Nothing must daunt one nor ever affright;  
 If one would win then one bravely must fight  
 On through the darkness—the black of the night,  
 Led by the glow of the City of Light.

\*\*\*\*\*

## OVER THE SEA.

Onward and forward and toward the Sea,  
 Enthralled by strange voices, thus guided are we:  
 Roaring, the Breakers roll over the Shoals—  
 The Billows' weird murmur entices our souls.

Tossed on the Billows is many a Craft  
Entreating the Breezes swift onward to waft  
Ships that are laden with Treasures most rare.  
Most blessed the Pilot whose Ship the waves spare.

Beacons that gleam from celestial heights  
Entail the safe courses ambition incites.  
Beacons revealing the dangerous Rock  
Flash curses on Pilots who foolishly mock.

Mists may enwrap us in gruesomest plight,  
Still, hopefully groping our course through the Night,  
Onward we venture since quit means defeat,  
And that we should ne'er, while alive, dare to greet.

Better to rock on the Billows that surge  
Than stranded on Shoals from which place naught  
may urge:  
Better to struggle 'gainst gruesomest odds  
Than idly to wait on the luck of the gods.

Onward and forward and over the Sea  
To Havens where Treasures our glory shall be.  
Tempests defying we break through the Wave,  
Our efforts displaying, our Treasure to save.

## *PART II.*

### **FOR THE CHILDREN**

#### LITTLE BUDS.

Little buds of mankind  
Opening into bloom;  
Soon a brighter aspect  
These will all assume.

Soon the play is ended  
And the work begun—  
Using ev'ry effort  
'Gainst all odds to run.

Soon you little children  
Youths and maidens are :  
Will you through the conflict  
Shine as shines a star?

Shine through all your lifetime  
And the light reflect  
That your teacher scattered  
Which one may expect.

\*\*\*\*\*

### SWINGING ON THE TREE TOP.

Blow wind blow, make me go  
Gently to and fro :  
Let me know are you so  
Sweetly soft and low?

While I swing I will sing  
Till the echoes ring.  
Here I cling to this thing  
In a treetop swing.

Oh how sweet this retreat—  
Lovely, yes indeed.  
Here I beat 'gainst the heat  
Like a bird—so fleet.

Light and free— don't you see?  
And I sing with glee ;  
For with me happily  
All things joy will be.

When the days of our plays  
Will have run their race,  
May the chase leave a trace  
On each smiling face.



## IN THE WOODLAND DELL.

Come, sister dear, you need not fear  
To come along with me ;  
The path I know, which way to go—  
It leads from tree to tree.

You need not care for fox or hare  
For I will have a stick,  
And little Pup is always up  
To ev'ry clever trick.

Just follow me from tree to tree—  
Do keep me well in sight—  
And when you spy a rabbit shy,  
You must not get a fright.

I know the place where rabbits race—  
'Tis by a rivulet ;  
It is a spot where oft I trot  
Till nigh the sun is set.

We'll soon be there, for it is near—  
The 'lovely little dell :  
And there we'll stay, together play  
Till rings the supper bell.

That which you hear so shrill and clear,  
Right up above your head—  
A songster bird that oft I've heard ;  
Its feathers are blood red.

He's perched so high that you can't spy  
Him in his sly retreat ;  
So take good care, do not him scare,  
And he'll his song repeat.

His brilliant song is not so long  
But sweet his voice he'll raise;  
From top to top he'll all day hop  
And sing his Maker's praise.

Come, sister dear, and promise here  
What I shall ask of you:  
Ne'er be so vain to have him slain  
To plume your headwear, too.

So now we're nigh where we can spy  
The noisy little rill,  
And we can hear the rippling clear  
That ne'er for once is still:

It trickles 'twixt the rocks there fixed,  
And ev'ry ripple tells  
That it finds joy—without annoy  
The woodland chorus swells;

While Mr. Frog, there on a log  
Where both of us can see,  
Attempts his best to manifest  
That he a bull might be.

But hark! my dear, I still do hear  
Another voice so sweet:  
The turtle dove must surely love  
This beautiful retreat.

Oh, some dear name should give it fame—  
The sweetest harmony—  
With ardent grace to speak the praise  
Of woodland melody.

The red bird there does sing his air  
In strains both high and low;  
The rivulet gives tones dulcet  
While it o'er rocks must go;

In yellow vest and green coat dressed  
The frog sings bass quite low ;  
The turtle dove, on branch above,  
His tenor well does know :

The gentle breeze does wave the trees  
That beat the time so well—  
Thus harmony and melody  
Are in the woodland dell.



### FROLIC IN THE BARN.

The rain is coming down so fast  
That we can't play outdoors ;  
But we can romp about and play  
Upon the threshing floors.

We tumble in the hay with mirth  
While playing hide and seek ;  
Or climb the rafters 'neath the roof  
Quite to the very peak.

We climb the ladders up and down  
While playing game of tag :  
The girls can never catch us till  
We willingly come back.

We have a rope swing in the barn  
Fixed to the strongest beam :  
When up we swing and touch the roof,  
We cannot help but scream.

The swallows, who do build their nest  
Up in the highest peak,  
Do chant their song from morn till eve  
As if they fain would speak.

The Germans say their mournful song  
Is filled with much regret;  
For every word they seem to chant  
Is true, it must be said.

They say: \*"When we your barns do leave  
The barns are full of grain;  
When we again return, 'tis gone—"  
A pitiful refrain.

But so 'tis oft with our own selves—  
When fortune seems to come  
We are constrained by Fate's stern hand  
Ne'er least to take therefrom.

\*Translated from one of my mother's narratives of German folk lore.

\*\*\*\*\*

## RAMBLES

How dear to us were childhood days  
While we partook in childish plays.  
Together we did scamper round  
And plucked the blossoms that we found.

Our utmost skill we oft did try  
To catch the flitting butterfly..  
Bald bumblebees that had no sting  
We held within our hand to sing.

Grasshoppers, we did make them chew;  
And spiders, made them spider too.  
While clinging to the grapevine swing,  
With childish glee we'd shout and sing.

We waded in the shallow stream  
Whose murmur mingled with our scream.  
We watched the minnows darting fast,  
The tadpoles slowly paddling past.

We built our playhouse in the wood  
With stones and sticks as best we could:  
Our carpets—finest ever seen—  
Were softest moss of velvet green.

The toadstools served us many ways  
For ornamental bright arrays.  
There never was a tint or hue  
That was not in our toadstools too.

We never made the least mistake  
To nibble "*T'enomed Broth for Snakes*—"  
Much as we relished mushroom fare,  
We had been taught to have a care.

Oh, there were Winter berries red  
Which grace the tables that we set;  
And berries of most any kind  
That in the woods we chanced to find.

Round apples, sweet, and plums and pears  
And cherries were among our fares.  
All things upon our table found,  
Most gracefully, were passed around.

But thus it never more can be  
To romp around in childish glee.  
To manliness we must conform  
If we would gain against the storm.

\*\*\*\*\*

### PART III.

## FOR YOUTH AND MAIDEN

### WHERE IS MY KNIGHT?

Oh, where the noble hero brave  
That Mother said would come  
To find his worthy heroine  
And build for her a home?

He comes, the noble hero comes—  
Be still, oh heart, and wait;  
He'll surely come to thee ere long—  
He comes, be not afraid.

In this sweet lovely garden spot  
My heart is blithe and gay;  
But gardens bloom not all the year—  
Would that he'd come today.

\*\*\*\*\*

### PASSION'S DREAM.

My wooing heart now bleeds for you  
As for your love I humbly sue.  
I trust my dream you'll understand  
Nor yet with scorn my love would brand.

When I upon my pillow lay  
Last night and dreamt the night away,  
As visions rose and visions fell,  
There rose one vision I must tell.

Oblivion shades my former dreams  
While this last vision glows and gleams:  
My heart beats time to that refrain  
Which Cupid chants—chants he in vain?

You stood beneath the apple tree  
As down the road you gazed to see  
The one for whom your heart did beat,  
Awaiting me with love to greet.

The apple tree was all abloom,  
The air was filled with sweet perfume,  
The western sky was all aglow,  
The breeze lulled sweetly soft and low

As I along the roadway sped  
With beating heart and anxious tread.  
As to your homestead I drew nigh  
I strained my eyes afar to spy.

My utmost wish was gratified  
When suddenly my eyes you spied:  
My heart beat fast, my nerve was thrilled,  
My longing soul with hope was filled.

With quickened step I hurried on—  
I felt as though I needs must run.  
As I drew near, your gleaming eyes  
Betrayed your soul's sweet Paradise.

When I embraced you with a kiss  
Your face betrayed angelic bliss,  
And when I whispered words of love  
Then Cupid chanted from above:

*"To you and only you I'll give  
My heart as long as e'er I live—  
My love is yours and yours alone  
While both we live or one is gone."*

I pressed my bosom to your own  
While in your eyes the love light shone.  
When there I vowed yours to remain,  
To happiness we did attain.

I felt your happy beating heart  
From which I never more can part:  
As there against my own it beat,  
I thought I never could retreat.

My heart it beat an extra stroke  
At which I from this dream awoke  
To find myself in bed bereaved  
Of all my joy, which me much grieved.

I sat upon my bed to hark  
And looked around, but all was dark :  
I felt as though I must be dazed—  
In my bereavement I was crazed.

All sleep was gone so I arose—  
For rest I could no more repose.  
I dressed and paced the bedroom floor  
And wished that I had dreamt some more.

I harly could be reconciled—  
I thought it must needs drive me wild,  
Because with heart and soul I long  
To tell you how my love is strong.

You are the only one below  
On whom my love I can bestow  
And so when we again do meet,  
I hope you likewise me can greet.

Don't think me cowardly, my dear,  
Nor that to speak these words I fear :  
I can't afford to wait till then  
When we perchance may meet again.

From you I cannot keep a dream  
That so forboding all does seem.  
I hope with me you'll not be wrath  
When I would fainly plight my troth.

You'll make me wretched if you choose—  
If you can e'er my love refuse :  
You'll make me happy while I live  
If you can now my love receive.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas thus a youth wrote to his love  
As he with youthful passion strove,  
And soon upon his love prevailed  
But later wished that he had failed.



Angelic smile and formal kiss  
Were all that made him dream of bliss:  
With painful grief he realized  
That he had erred when life he sized.

Had he but gazed beyond those eyes—  
Explored the soul where virtue lies;  
Had he but sought her virtues out  
Instead of formal habits proud.

Had he but found her in the dough  
It would have made saliva flow—  
His lips were then more moist to kiss  
His love with genuine sweet bliss.

A craving stomach moves the heart  
With passion that ills will impart:  
Eyes, cheeks and lips will lose their charm  
When virtue fails the soul to calm.

\*\*\*\*\*

### PASSIONS.

Once three fair youths took to journey to find  
Grace that would make three fair maidens to mind:  
Fair were these maidens with graces serene:  
Worshiped was each by one youth as his queen.

Strode they together the Wilderness through;  
Soon found a Plain that was fertile and blue:  
Filled with emotion because they had found  
Homes which of needs full of grace must abound.

Each took a portion—a third as his share—  
Striving henceforth their own homes to prepare:  
Proudly they planned how they soon hoped to fare,  
Ah! but three troops of wild horses roamed there.

Two flowing Rivers divided the Plain:  
One—Disposition, one—Circumstance—twain  
Bordered the Land which the fool occupied,  
While Disposition the simple defied.

One was so simple—the Steeds killed outright,  
Dug with a Spade and rejoiced in his plight:  
Came his fair maiden, with silent content  
Both of them lived what of life they could spend.

One was a fool and the Horses gave chase—  
Shooing them off; they came back in each case:  
Came his fair maiden to starve in her place,  
Pining while he was away on the Chase,

One was discreet and a Lasso he made,—  
Lassoed the Steeds and their spoiling hence stayed:  
Bitted and harnessed they worked in the Plow—  
Happy and wealthy this wise man was now.

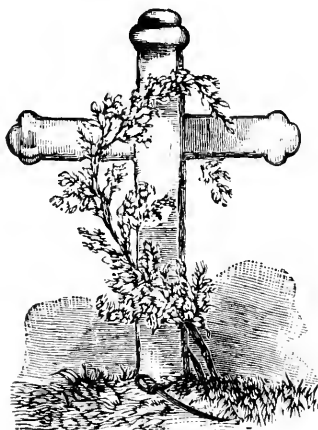
Came his fair maiden with him hence to bide—  
Happy was she in his carriage to ride.  
This little legend of Steeds, my young friends,  
Read and remember—with *passion* it blends.

LOOK THIS WAY



FOR THE FAT OF THE LAND

## *Posies of The Lord.*



Jesus said: "*Ye are the branches,*"  
When He said: "*I am the Vine;*"  
Now my soul doth, like a tendril,  
On the *Tree of Life* entwine,  
There to bask in Heaven's sunshine—  
Everlasting life restored—  
Thus to yield a fulsome harvest  
In the vineyard of the Lord.

Jesus sat upon the mountain  
Where the fairest lilies bloomed,  
And He said, by way of contrast,  
How the saints should be costumed:  
"*Solomon, in all his glory \* \* \**  
*Not arrayed like one of these*"—  
But the '*Children of the Kingdom*'  
Shall, in Glory, yet more pleased.

Goes to the tune of "*Where the Shannon River Flows*" or "*Refuge*"

Jesus said:— God wots all doing;  
    *For He notes the sparrow's fall;*  
But the "*Children of the Kingdom*"  
    Shall be noted most of all—  
For His Children are in Hostage  
    While on earth they humbly dwell.  
When we're marshalled to the Judgment  
    He will save His own from Hell.

Jesus sought to save the wayward  
    When He said: "*I am the way.*"  
Those who follow in His footsteps  
    Are not ever led astray  
While He leads us to the *Mansions*  
    That for us have been prepared;  
For He said: "*I would have told you*"  
    Had *Our Father* not so cared.

Jesus saw us through the darkness  
    When He said: "*I am the Light;*"  
Now He leads on to *Glory*  
    'Round the *Pitfalls of the Night*;  
And we see the Throne of Heaven  
    Through the darkness from afar,  
Lit in everlasting glory  
    For our never-failing *Star*.

Jesus saw our minds confounded,  
    Then He said: "*I am the Truth;*"  
And He gave us understanding—  
    Now the way of life is smooth.  
Jesus is a thorough Saviour;  
    Jesus is mine all in all.  
I am glad He came from Heaven  
    To redeem us from '*The Fall*.'

Jesus spake of noble shepherds  
Having had an hundred sheep,  
Who, when one had gone to wander,  
Never close an eye in sleep—  
Leaving ninety-nine together  
To recover one lost lamb—  
When He said "*I am the Shepherd.*"  
Of His blessed *Fold*, I am.

Jesus promise to the faithful  
Who His sayings do believe—  
They shall live for everlasting  
In the dwellings they achieve ;  
But the '*Floods*' and '*Winds*' shall sunder  
From the '*Sands*' these fools who mock.  
Oh 'tis Glory—hallelujah !  
I have built upon the '*Rock*.'

Jesus taught us conservation  
When He said : "*Ye are the Salt*"—  
And He warned 'gainst losing savour  
Carping at a brother's fault ;  
For He blest the persecuted  
That should suffer for His sake,  
Pointing out the martyred prophets  
As upon the mount He spake.

Jesus spake to His disciples  
Of the things he must forbid :  
"*Neither do men light a candle*"  
'Neath a bushel to be hid.  
He rebuked against for swearing  
When He said : "*Swear not at all*"—  
Quite restraining us from vengeance—  
Saints must never so appall.

Jesus spake of holy "*Treasure*"  
When He taught us how to live,  
Gladly helping one another—  
Never scheming while we give—  
Saying: "*Do not sound a trumpet*"  
Lest we only chance to do  
Like the hypocrites and heathens  
Whom your Father never knew.

Jesus taught us holy manners  
When He spake of '*Dogs*' and '*Swine*'—  
"*Lest they turn against and rend you*"  
When you thrust them truths divine.  
Furthermore He gave us warning  
Of the prophets we must shun,  
By whose hypocritic manner  
We must never be undone.

Jesus taught us how to nurture  
In His vineyard worthy fruit  
When He told us, very plainly,  
Ev'ry kind grows on its root:  
"*Grapes of thorns and figs of thistles*"  
Are not gathered e'er of men—  
Of a '*Good Tree*' yielding '*Good Fruit*'  
We shall gather yet again.

Jesus spake of John the Baptist  
In His eulogy of love  
When He spake with veneration  
Sanction by the '*Heav'nly Dove*,'  
For He said: "*This is Elias*"—  
The enigma here revealed  
As He gave interpretations  
In the prophecies concealed.

He rebuked the vain and haughty  
Who would scorn His Holy Word,  
When He likened them to children  
That were utterly absurd—  
*"Calling unto fellows saying:  
We have piped, ye have not danced;  
We have mourned, you've not lamented  
Quite in haughtiness entranced.*

Jesus gave us consolation  
When he set from sorrow free  
As He said: *"my yoke is easy."*  
*"Take my yoke and learn of me."*  
Jesus said: *"I'm meek and lowly"*—  
Making thus the humble blest:  
*"Ye that labour heavy laden'  
Come and, I will give you rest."*

Jesus taught us of *'the Kingdom'*—  
Unity in full command,  
When He said: *"A house divided  
'Gainst itself can never stand."*  
While the Pharisees would faintly  
With their falsehood Him entrench  
It was shown them, It was written  
*"Smoking flax shall He not quench."*

When disciples, animated,  
Asked of Jesus who should be  
Of the greatest in His Kingdom,  
Jesus taught humility:  
For *"except ye be converted"*—  
Quite as humble as a child—  
There's no room for you in Heaven,  
Where abide the meek and mild.

Jesus warned against offences  
And of drastic measures spake.  
Even unto amputation  
When *the Kingdom* is at stake.  
Heaven guards the little children  
When offences are the case—  
Jesus said: "*their Angels always*  
*Do behold My Father's face.*"

Jesus spake in daring posies  
That would make His foes to carp—  
"*Like the sign of Prophet Jonas:*"—  
Full of wit and pointed sharp  
When He toasted John the Babbist:  
Nor *reed shak'n with the winds:*"  
Nor "*a man clothed in soft raiment*"—  
This was baffling to their mind.

Prodding Pharisaic leaven,  
Jesus gave the final knell,  
Branding Pharisees as "*lost sheep*  
*Of the House of Israel.*"  
And He taught His faithful workers  
Who are "*worthy of their meat*"—  
If a house or a city scorns you,  
"*Shake the dust off of your feet.*"

Jesus called upon the Father,  
Praying, in Gethsemane:  
"*If this cup, except I drink it:*  
*May not pass away from me*"—  
While He felt the spirit willing  
And He said: "*Thy will be done*"  
As He bartered for redemption  
Other measure there was none.



*"Unto to every one that asketh,"*  
Jesus said, *"It shall be given."*  
Whosoever truly seeth  
He shall find the way to Heaven,  
*"For to every one that knocketh"*  
Jesus opens wide the door;  
Though the way is straight and narrow  
He will lead us evermore.  
(Amen.)



**Gethsemane, the Sculptor's Meed-**

On the Judgment seat of Ages  
The Assize Eternal sits,  
Taking issue with the Sages  
While the Sculptor's Hammer hits  
Telling blows upon His Chisel  
As He shapens ev'ry stone—  
Knocking off the superficial  
Thus for evil to atone.

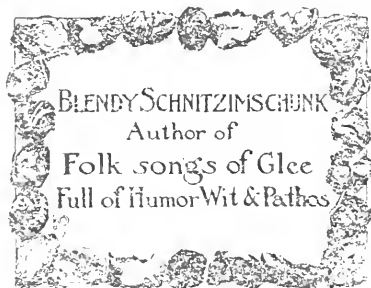
Weirdly on the worldly-stricken  
Falls the ever haunting Clang  
As with faithlessness they're stricken  
O'er their momentary pang.  
Never anguish could compare with  
Jesus in Gethsemane  
When the Sculptor had to care with  
*"Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."*

For the Temple of His Heaven  
In the New Jerusalem  
This firm Rock was duly Riven  
That it might conform to them  
Who, by Peter, James and John, were  
Seen transfigured when they shone  
As the Bed Rock Stones whereon was  
To be laid the Corner Stone.

Never let thy heart defile thee  
While the Sculptor deals his blows,  
When He only would to style thee,  
For thy place He better knows.  
Though He sorely tries thy patience,  
Do not yield to full despair,  
For thy trials prove effieience  
Whence to choose His Stones with car

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